

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Busy Firm

M. Danny & Co., Matrimonial Agency

By Nell Brinkley

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The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I think it is too terrible for anything the suffering they are having over in them Balkans," said the Manicure Lady. "The paper yesterday said that there are hundreds of thousands literally starving to death. There has been so much war over there that the soldiers has destroyed all the crops and ate up all the live stock. So, all the poor women and the old men and the children ain't got a thing to eat. Honest to goodness, George, I can't see where this wonderful world that we are all the time talking about is getting any better. Certainly it can't be getting much more civilized when they will stand for a war that will let hundreds of thousands, mostly women and children, literally starve to death."

"You don't mean 'literally,' you mean 'literally,'" interrupted the Head Barber. "You are all the time calling me down about my grammar, but you make more mistakes than I do."

"George," declared the Manicure Lady, "sometimes I think that you have a heart like a stone and a brain like a shriveled up bean. Here I was, telling you about the terrible and heartrending things which is happening over in them Balkans and there you are, not paying a particle of attention to the agony that is going on there, but correcting me instead about a word—and you wrong at that. Sometimes I get to thinking about your lack of all them finer feelings and swear that you and me will just pass the time of day hereafter, and then I get lonesome and realize that I have to talk to somebody or get foolish, so I talk to you."

"I didn't mean to interrupt you," said the Head Barber. "I guess you are right; conditions must be awful over there. I notice that good old Uncle Sam is right there to help out, too—and England, and the other civilized countries. That is why I say the world is better than it was in them dark ages. In them days, when there was famine and fever and war, there wasn't any civilized nations to step in and help them out of their misery. They just died like rats. Now when there is anything awful like that comes up it gets into the newspapers and the people that has anything to give is quick enough coming across."

"Yes, there is something in that," admitted the Manicure Lady. "I didn't used to know what the power of the press meant. I used to think that it meant how strong them big machines was to run off so many papers, but Wilfred explained to me that it meant the influence newspapers has in the world. The old gent had to come in then with his knock against the papers, because once when he was running for office I guess some of the papers got after him pretty hard, and he ran second instead of first. That was his last deal in politics, but he has hated the papers ever since."

"Wilfred had some wild scheme fixed up to get a few boy scouts like him and start for the Balkans with money and provisions, but when he started out trying to collect the lettuce nobody would kick in with no dough. He tried to get all the merchants in the neighborhood interested, but none of them knew anything about the starvation in the Balkans, and only one of them ever knew that there was a place by that name, and besides, none of them would trust Wilfred no more anyhow, after the way he got into them."

"I guess them awful troubles is sent here, George, to make us realize that we ain't so high and mighty, and to make us contented with what he have. Gee, business is awful, ain't it?"



Panics never touch this firm—they are the busiest little office there is—this firm, whose ad you will find in the Love-land

Daily, reading so: "Monsieur Danny & Co., Ltd., by appointment of Their Majesties, Adam and Eve the First, handle any

troubles in the Love line. Agents everywhere; wires around the world; open forever; honeymoon trips a specialty—will

get you into the Seventh Heaven. Telephone, Just 2—Paradise." NELL BRINKLEY.

THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Now Read On

Philip Anson, a boy of 15, of good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and in dire poverty, his mother having just died. A terrific storm sweeps over London, just at this time, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is abused and cuffed by a man, who says he is the girl's guardian, and whose name is Lord Vanstone. Philip returns to the place where his mother had died, determined to commit suicide, but just at this time a terrific flash of lightning is followed by the fall of a meteor in the courtyard of Johnson's, the home of the boy, and he takes it as a sign from heaven. He picks up several bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond dealer, named Isaacstein. The broker recognizes the bits as meteoric diamonds, and has Philip taken in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Morland, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents. Philip succeeds in establishing his ownership of the diamonds, and makes Isaacstein to sell the diamonds for him, and then establishes himself at a first-class hotel, from where he arranges for a policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an enemy of a desperate criminal named Jacky Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with Mr. Abingdon, the police magistrate, he goes for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and his wife. A few pleasant words with the policeman left Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abingdon was interested, and at night Philip received a telegram from Isaacstein that his mission to Amsterdam had been successful. This closes the first epoch of the tale. Now opens the story of the mature Philip Anson.

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A tall, strong built man, aged about 45, but looking older by reason of his grizzled hair and a face seamed with hardship—a man whose prominent eyes imparted an air of alert intelligence to an otherwise heavy and brutal countenance, disfigured by a broken nose, stood on the north side of the Mile End road and looked fixedly across the street at a fine building which dwarfed the mean houses on either hand.

He had no need to ask what it was. Carved in stone over the handsome arch which led to an interior covered court was its title—"The Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys." A date followed, a date ten years old.

The observer was puzzled. He gazed up and down the wide thoroughfare with the manner of one who asked himself: "Now, why was that built there?"

A policeman strolled leisurely along the pavement, but to him the man addressed no question. Apparently unconscious of the constable's observant glance, he still continued to scrutinize the great pile of brick and stone which thrust its splendid campanile into the warm sunshine of an April day.

Beneath the name was an inscription: "These are they which passed through great tribulation."

A queer smile did not improve the man's expression, but to him the man addressed no question. "Tribulation! That's it," he continued. "I've had ten years of it, and it started somebode about the end of that fine entrance, too. I wonder where Sailor is, and that boy. He's a man now, maybe 25 or so, if he's alive. Oh, I hope he's alive! I hope he's rich and healthy, and engaged or married to a nice, young woman. If I've managed to live in hell for ten long years, a youngster like him should

be able to pull through with youth and strength and a bag full of diamonds."

Without turning his head, he became aware that the policeman had halted at some little distance.

"Of course, I've got the mark on me," said the man, savagely, to himself. He spotted me, all right. Well, I'll let him see I don't care for him or any of his breed. I never did care, and it's too late to begin now."

He crossed the road, passed between two fine iron gates standing hospitably open, and paused at the door of the porter's lodge, where a stalwart commissionaire met him.

"Have you called to see one of the boys?" said the official, cheerfully.

"No, I'm a stranger. It's a good many years since I was in these parts before. In those days there used to be a news here, and some warehouses at the back, with a few old shops."

"Oh, I expect so, but that is long before my time. The Mary Anson Home was founded ten years ago, and it took two years to build it. It's one of the finest charities in London. Would you like to look around?"

"Is that allowed?"

"Certainly. Everybody is welcome. If you go in by that side door there, you'll find an old man who has nothing else to do but take visitors to the chief department. Bless your heart, we lose half our boarders that way. People come here, see the excellences of the training we give, and offer situations to boys who are old enough."

The man appeared to be surprised by the commissionaire's affability. He did not know that civility and kindness were essential there if any employe would retain an excellent post.

He passed on, measuring the tessellated court with a backward sweep of the eye. In the sunlit street beyond the arch entrance, a policeman.

The visitor grinned again, an unsamiable and sulky grin, and vanished.

The policeman crossed over.

"What is that chap after?" he inquired.

"Nothing special," was the answer.

"Last time he was here the place was a news," he said.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, he has a ticket in his pocket."

"You don't say! Do you know him?"

"No, I'll look him up in the album in the station when I go off duty."

"Well, he can't do any harm here. O'Brien takes visitors over a regular round, and, in any case, the man seemed to be honest enough in his curiosity."

"You never can tell. They're up to all sorts of dodges."

"Thanks very much. I'll ring for O'Brien's relief and tell him to keep an eye on them, as the old man is blind as a bat."

Meanwhile the stranger was being conducted up a wide staircase by a somewhat tottering guide, who wore on the breast of his uniform the Crimean and Indian mutiny medals.

As he hobbled in front, he told, with a strong Irish brogue, the familiar story of the Mary Anson home—how it fed, lodged and clothed 600 boys of British parentage born in the Whitechapel district; how it taught them trades and followed their careers with fostering care; how it never refused a meal or a warm sleeping place to any boy, no matter where he came from or what his nationality, provided he satisfied the superintendent that he was really destitute or needed his small capital for trading purposes next day.

The great central hall where the 600 regular inmates ate their meals, the dormitories, the playgrounds, the drill shed and gymnasium, the workshops, the library, the theater, were all pointed out, but the big man with the staring eyes was not interested one jot in any of these things.

"Who was Mary Anson?" he asked when the wellworn tale was ended, "and how did she come to build such a fine place here?"

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

PLEASING MAN IN THE STREET

Architects and stonemasons who were distressed by Secretary McAdoo's recent ban upon Roman numerals to date new federal buildings will have new cause for concern in his interdiction of the use of V for U. Historically, of course, they are the same letter. The Phœnician alphabet, which ended with T, had neither, but the

The Heavens in March

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

The chief event of the month will be a partial eclipse of the moon on the night of the 11th. It will be well visible in Omaha. The accompanying diagram will give the particulars.

Another event is the passage of the sun through the vernal equinox, on the 1st at 5:11 a. m. On that day, day and night will be equal in length, the sun rising at 6 a. m. and setting at 6 p. m., according to every sun dial in the world, but, as it is then seven minutes slow, the local mean times will be everywhere that much after 6 o'clock, and, because standard time is always twenty-four minutes fast of local time at Omaha and because refraction lifts the sun three minutes above the horizon, sunrise will occur at 6:23 and sunset at 6:34 according to our timepieces.

On the 1st, 15th and 31st the sun rises at 7:01, 6:35, 6:12, and sets at 6:12, 6:28, 6:44, thus making the day's length eleven hours eleven minutes, eleven hours fifty minutes, an increase of one hour and twenty minutes during the month, the greatest of the whole year.

In passing through the vernal equinox the sun crosses the equator to the north and begins to shine on the north side of buildings when it is low down in the sky.

The planets Mars and Saturn are still in excellent positions in the evening sky. They cross the meridian on the 15th at 7:41 and 5:37 p. m., respectively.

Jupiter is beginning to show himself in the morning sky, and Venus in like manner in the evening sky.

The moon is in full quarter on the 4th, full on the 11th during the eclipse, in last quarter on the 18th and new on the 26th. It will be in conjunction with Saturn on the 4th, Mars on the 6th, Jupiter on the 22d and Venus on the 27th.

Greeks represented this vowel by Y and the Romans by Y, which was sometimes written in a more or less rounded form. No distinction was made between them, and the same confusion was brought over into English. In many old texts the capitals are "Y" and the lower case "y." It is only in comparatively recent times that they have been thought of as distinct letters, and since in many Latin text-books the modern distinction is made, the old usage is sometimes overlooked. There is, as a matter of fact, little danger of confusion, since the context shows whether a vowel or a consonant is called for, but to those not used to the angular "u" they are a little puzzling at first, like the long "u." Many stonemasons on artistic grounds prefer the angular form with its straight lines, but Secretary McAdoo has set out to please the "man in the street," whose claims should be strong in the case of buildings that abut the street—Springfield Republican.

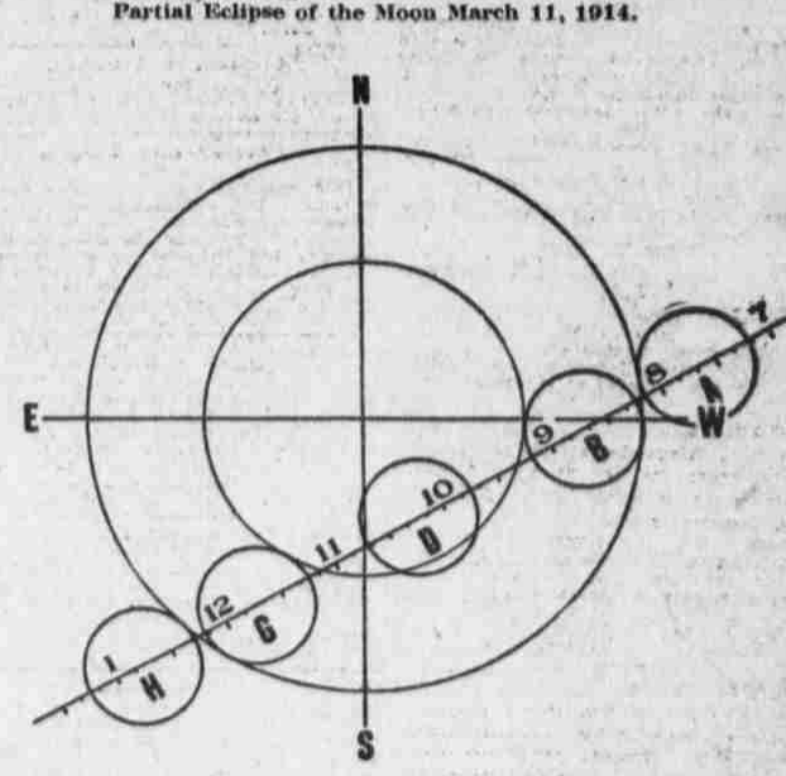


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DETAILS OF THE ECLIPSE.